



Let's dance Love

Philosophical poems

Sorin Cerin

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2021

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1. Let's dance Love

Let's dance Love,
until when from the soles of the Future,
the first stars of Happiness will sparkle,
dizzying Him even and the God of Sacrifice,
who will no longer know,
how to organize,
and on these new stars,
His Original Sins.

Let's dance Love,
tearing our shirts of the Pain,
with which we were clothed,
by the deaf Destiny,
through the Cathedrals of Hopes,
which have never been fulfilled,
where they are hidden to us,
the Icons of Feelings,
between the Walls of the Prayers of Fire,
on which, Death,
doesn't want to ever hear them,
because God of Nobody, has given her,
all power over this World.

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Let's dance Love,
dressed with the Flowers of Tears,
of the Glances,
in which to lose us,
the whole wealth of this World of the Absurd,
of the NonSenses of Existence,
and when we will open,
really,
the Eyes of the Heart of Fire of the Feelings,
let's remain only we two and the Immortality.

Let's dance Love,
Rotating us after the Sunrise of the Happiness,
alongside the divine light,
of our Souls,
on the wings of which, we will fly,
toward the star of the Absolute Truth,
where to build with every step,
the Endlessness.

Let's dance Love,
until the Steps of Death will stumble,
falling into the Abyss of Sadness,
which they have created it for us,
the Saints of a vengeful God,
leaving in their place,
the endless Dream,
where we will remain eternally together.

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Let's dance Love,
over the diamonds of Smiles,
scattered by the Profoundness of the Sacrality,
of the Smile of our own Stranger,
who was waiting for us long before,
than all the Times together,
in ourselves,
becoming for us,
the true Being full of radiance,
through which we now embrace ourselves,
dancing.

Let's dance Love,
whipping with the Steps of our Glances,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we were lost until now,
on the stage of the Pains of this World,
where we have always been obliged,
to play our sad and extravagant roles,
of Living Statues of the Absurd,
miming the fulfillment and success,
even if we are always,
in a continuous decomposition.

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Let's dance Love,
to we never revive, here again,
where apart from the saving Dance,
of the Suicide,
will no longer remain nothing else,
than the Inferno that burned us,
with the Alienation of his Loneliness,
until we will be a Memory,
on the vault of a Future,
which will Never end.

Let's dance Love,
without being crucified for us,
the rays of Dreams,
becoming a star that will always shine,
and it will Never go out,
from the Dance of Love,
which will glimmer,
in the Souls of other generations of lovers,
through who knows what galaxies of Feelings,
what they will admire us,
in the sky of their lives,
the Dance of Our Eternity,
Love.

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2. Clenched Smiles

Wings of Longing,
they open the padlocks with lost keys,
of the Clouds of Words,
which we utter,
to the lost Sky,
in the Glances of the Holiness of a Love,
who stumbled so hard,
by the Horizon of a Meaning,
that it has fallen,
into the arms of the Eternity of our Moment,
wiping its bloody forehead,
of the Time,
by the Sunrises,
which flow to us,
without no sense,
among the deep Wrinkles,
of the Destiny,
which none of us,
we can't stand him,
how, also, he doesn't like us either,
on the streets of the homeless Days,
of the Feelings,
what we are obliged to shelter them,
through the Hearts of Wind,
of the Storms of so many Hopes,
which offer us every time,
bouquets full with clenched Smiles.

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3. I can't stop

I run on Memory wheels,
which do not breakdown, Never,
even though sometimes I wish,
for them to get stuck,
on the Stone Bridges of the Hearts,
what, they began to crumble,
under the soles of your Gaze,
Love.

I can't stop,
on sweaty foreheads,
of the Moments,
through whose souls we have passed,
somewhere, sometime,
Together,
Love,
because I know,
that I will drown my Tears,
in your Dreams,
about our Destiny,
sold by the Absurd,
to the Vanity.

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4. In a Secret of the Time of Love

We drowned,
in a Secret,
of the Time of Love,
what did not want to tell us
why it gave us, the Loneliness,
of the Sunrises,
of the Nobody,
which the Words spoken,
by the Hearts of Fire,
of the Dreams,
they invited him to the table of the Future,
on whose face,
we laid Happiness,
without even suspecting once,
that next to us,
had sat down and Destiny,
with dirty elbows,
with the mud of the Incarnations,
of so many Moments,
and that he will pour us on the fabric of Happiness,
the Absurd, bitter,
of this World of Vanity,
thus tarnishing it with Death,

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which we have no longer succeeded,
to remove her,
no matter how much,
we washed,
every bit of Memory,
full of Pain,
which had impregnated itself,
on the tablecloth,
of the Future,
what had belonged to us,
somewhere, sometime,
to Love,
which, we want even now,
so much,
to meet her again,
at least once.

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5. Crushes us even the Traces of Happiness

Dawns of Hearts,
they knock at the windows of your Smile,
Holiness of Love,
which, you wash,
on the Eyes of Words,
with the dew of Dreams,
springing from the volcanoes of Feelings,
which erupt with the Blood of our Hopes,
on the streets of the Steps of a Time,
what seems carefree,
when we look at it,
among the bars of Indifference,
to the increasingly hard Future,
what crushes us,
even the Traces of Happiness,
left in the arms of the Horizons,
whose Death,
we see her so late,
that we can no longer do, nothing,
to bring them back,
in the breath of the Present,
what, will never belong to us again,
together.

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6. The Nobody's Time

Scenes gnawed by Words,
they can barely stand,
by how drunk they are,
in the arms of our homeless Days,
of Living Statues,
which, we barely manage,
we to interpret the roles of the Absurd,
which are offered to us by force,
by the Lead Destinies,
of the Death,
who, is just waiting,
for us to pay off our entire debt,
to the Earth of Dreams,
whose dust of Glances,
it is shattered on the Hearts of Wind,
by the vain Hopes,
from the nameless streets,
from the Cemeteries of Memories,
where we are led,
by the funeral convoys of the Moments,
who have lost their virginity,
of their own Eternities,
being forced to love each other,
with Nobody's Time.

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7. The Truth of Love

I never asked you,
why you broke with such zeal,
the Truth of Love,
from the cold cement,
of the Questions,
transforming it,
into countless shards,
of Glances,
through which we hurt our Words,
when by chance,
we tread, through them,
without being announced,
by the Future,
what crushes us with the Loneliness,
of the Homeless Days,
through which we carry,
the Insecurity and Anxiety,
of so many Flames of Moments,
which are extinguishing, unannounced by Nobody,
on the shores gnawed by Despair,
of Expectations,
the only ones left for us,
alongside Destiny,
who no longer knows where to go.

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8. On the Pedestal of Death

Steps of Wind,
they scatter our Hearts of Words,
to Nowhere,
leading once with them,
the Tears of the wreck of a Happiness,
who remembers,
by the endless of Ocean of a Love,
on which we wanted, somewhere sometime,
to wander our Dreams,
whose locks of hair of Desires,
were carried on the waves of a Truth,
about which none of us,
we didn't know then,
that he will drive us away,
so far from ourselves,
so that, there will be nothing left,
from all the World we had built,
Moment by Moment,
because it was,
on the Pedestal of Death,
no matter how much,
we wanted to deny this fact,
it was, however, True.

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9. The Absolute Truth of the Love of the whole Universe

Light my torch,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
Love,
and then build it,
in the rock of the Truth of a Happiness,
to enlighten us,
the Path to Sacredness,
with the Divinity of Endlessness,
of the Feeling,
of to be ourselves,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
of the whole Universe,
which created for us the Meaning,
of the Infinity,
from the Glance of the Word,
which God has spoken,
only for us,
to give a Conscious Meaning,
to the blood of Becoming,
which boils in us,
igniting all the stars,
of the Divine Light,
on, whose wings of Eternity,
we wish we could fly.

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10. Kindle our Dreams

Embrace me with the arms of the Endless,
the Flowers of Sky, of the Love,
which no sentimental Storm,
to never be able to break them,
from the Heart of Fire,
of the Absolute Truth.

Dawn of Sacred Fire,
kindle our Dreams,
to enlighten us with them,
the whole Eternity of the Moment,
from which we no longer want to get out ever,
just as Alone,
as we were destined to be born,
in this World,
which seemed until now,
to be Nobody's.

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11. The Tears of Regrets

Waves foamed by Dreams,
they strike without ceasing,
the shores of the Words,
which seem to defend us with zeal,
the Despair of the purple Absurd,
of the Ocean of Deceptions,
which roars uninterrupted in us,
Love,
of the Nobody,
you have come to be banished,
even by the ashes,
of the Memory,
which can no longer bear you,
at the gates of one's own Thoughts,
laid to dry,
by the Tears of Regrets,
on the fences of Forgetfulness,
by ourselves.

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12. Believing that I will meet you

I never asked you,
Happiness,
why your Truth,
it burned my completely,
Dawn of cardboard,
of the Dreams,
about which I must admit,
that they have always remained unfulfilled,
but not before,
to crinkle them,
the transparent Meanings,
crushing them with the clouds of lead,
of the Sky of Loneliness,
from whose Soul,
the Eternity of the Moment was born to us,
on whose streets,
I'm still running,
believing that I will meet you,
Love.

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13. Waves of Dreams

The foamed wings,
on which fly,
Waves of Dreams,
they strike in the Shores of Tears,
of the Words,
from which we have built,
each time,
the same sand castles,
crushed by the careless Meanings,
with the Truth always injured,
of a Love,
which can scarcely stand on its feet,
wishing to tell us,
that in the palms of her soul,
the Happiness,
should have guessed our Future,
if she had met us,
together,
on the street of the same,
Destiny.

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14. The Dust of Words

Wings of Hopes,
they open for us,
over the purple Sky,
of the Memories,
of the Being,
clothed in, Death,
nourished with Despairs,
over which we fly,
believing that only in this way,
we can hide,
from the Dust of Words,
in which was incarnated,
the Destiny,
of a World drowned,
in the Absurd,
of so much Pains,
which today are called,
Loves.

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15. Purple Sunsets

Lead Regrets,
are flowing,
through the gray veins of the Words,
whose Expectations,
they wander our Glances,
in search of Love.

Purple Sunsets,
they crush us the Memories,
lost in the bitter Loneliness,
of the Destiny,
of the Nobody.

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16. The Prides and Compromises of a Smile

Meanings discerned,
with sharp and deep blades,
of the shores of Tears,
to which they hope to reach,
somewhere, sometime,
the shipwrecked Words,
of the Love,
which floats drifting,
thirsty for us,
over the Horizons,
deserted and sad,
increasingly oppressive,
of the Indifferences,
in which we clothe,
the Prides and Compromises,
of a Smile,
what seems to be forever,
stolen by the Forgetfulness,
so indebted, to Death,
that he sold us to her,
the only Eternity of the Moment,
in which we would have managed to remain,
forever.

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17. From Death

Steps of wandered Words,
they tread hard and determined,
over the mud in which we incarnated,
the Pains and the Absurd,
of a Destiny,
which we received in mockery,
from Death,
in order to be lured,
as easily as possible,
by her,
when she will decide,
to sacrifice us,
on the altar of Vanity,
for to be placed on the abundant table,
of the Absurd,
with all the turmoil that has whipped us,
the Hopes of to find us,
somewhere, sometime,
the Love.

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18. The purple Dawn, cold and indifferent

Windows open by Glances,
still waiting in vain,
the Divine Light of Hopes,
among the drops of the Tears,
of some Shores of Expectations,
deserted and sad,
lost among Thoughts,
whose masts broken by Words,
they wipe us incessantly,
the brilliance of Dreams,
leaving behind,
only the purple Dawn,
cold and indifferent,
of the Compromises,
with ourselves.

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19. From the palms of the Storms of Words

Petals of Truth,
shake chaotically,
from the palms of the Storms of Words,
covering us the face of Love,
with the Wrinkles, increasingly deep and sad,
of the Forgetfulness,
in which Destiny envelops us,
without we realizing it,
for to be prepared,
for the Death,
which feeds
with every Moment,
what could have become to us, Eternal,
Love.

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20. The rusty Gates of the Hearts of some Memories

Letters lost,
by Dreams,
they line up, crumpled and thrown,
on the muddy streets of the Forgetfulness,
whose Steps align chaotically,
on sweaty foreheads,
of the Pain,
wearing gnawed and deformed shoes,
of the Despair,
which unfolds to us,
through the Eyes of Nobody's Sunrises,
hitting with power,
in the rusty Gates,
of the Hearts of some Memories,
which still beat,
in the breasts of our Words,
which have become a disgrace,
before the lost Glances,
of the Loneliness.

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21. Never, to Nobody

Troubled and sad rediscoveries,
are constantly hit,
by the Eternities of lost Moments,
declared to be,
disposable items,
which can not be returned,
Never, to Nobody,
no matter how much,
they would like, the Love,
which gave them missing,
on the deserted shores of the Tears,
of some Words,
which desperately seek,
a shelter in the cold Looks,
of the Homeless Days,
which have started to snow,
with large flakes of Memories,
over the nameless graves,
of the Memories.

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22. On the wings of the Eternity of a Moment

Deaf cries,
of homeless Hearts,
they strike the shores of the Tears,
of so many Memories,
over which are laid,
the sad waves,
of the Dreams, drowned,
in the bitter Glances,
of the Time,
of the Nobody,
on which begged it,
somewhere- sometime,
Love,
to teach us,
how can we fly,
on the wings of the Eternity of a Moment,
about which neither God,
don't tell us anything,
no matter how much we ask him,
or maybe he doesn't want to tell us,
about Death,
who knows....?

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23. Lost among the thorns of Memories

Who would longer consider,
a Love,
once lost,
among the thorns of Memories,
which hurt the Hearts of Fire,
of the Tears of some Words,
which were accidentally ours,
drowned in the discolored and sad Purple,
of so many Sunsets,
which clothe us,
now,
the Loneliness,
and burn in vain, the Distances,
which we dreamed of going,
somewhere - sometime,
to reach,
at the Star of Immortality,
of a Promise,
of the Feelings,
on which we really wanted,
to keep it,
to each other.

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24. On the street without Sky

I'm still waiting for you,
on the street without Sky,
of the Destiny of my Death,
which I live in this World,
of the Absurd,
Love,
to be able to look beyond me,
somewhere far away,
in the Eternity of the Word,
which God has spoken,
only for us,
at the hour of Loneliness,
since the Times,
when all the Days of the Moments,
they had a shelter,
in the Fire Hearts of the Hopes.

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25. The Hearts of Ice of the Steps of some Words

How many Glances,
we crucified,
on anonymous graves,
of the Eternities of some Moments,
that they gave their last breath,
waiting for the Love,
imprisoned by Destiny,
in the Hearts of Ice,
of the Steps of some Words,
which, they stole us,
without realizing it,
from our own Life,
in order to sell us,
to the Alienation of a World,
of the Nobody,
which we will not succeed,
to understand it,
ever.

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26. On the nameless streets

Listen to me Death,
at least once,
when I ask you again,
why are you wasting us,
absolutely all the Eternities of the Moments,
without leaving any of them,
on the nameless streets,
where he wanders,
without any real purpose,
the Destiny,
which neither God,
he could not have let him,
to be, of the Nobody,
forever,
even then,
when it crosses us,
the extinguished Glance,
of the Heart of Fire,
where he was hiding,
somewhere - sometime,
the Truth of a Love.

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27. Flowers of Tears

And I became a falling star,
on the foreheads of your Words,
Love,
illuminating your Way,
with a Destiny of Death,
without my will.

Then I got lost,
in the dense nights of the Absurd,
blinded by you,
among the rustles full of Pain,
of the leaves of the Glances,
what have rusted,
by so many bitter Thoughts,
which have crushed us,
with their lost steps,
the Hopes,
that have now become,
of the Nobody.

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Not even when I wanted to go back,
to the grave of your Smile,
I have no longer succeeded ever,
nothing more,
than to I put at the feet of Memories,
a few Flowers of Tears,
broken somewhere - sometime,
from your Heart of Fire,
Love.

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28. From the waterfalls of the Hearts of some Words

Turn me into river,
and let me flow,
on the forehead of your Dreams,
Love,
to I take with me,
all the pain and sadness,
of this World,
drowned in the Absurd,
even if I arouse your Memories,
when I will collapse,
at the soles of Eternity,
from the waterfalls of the Hearts of some Words,
which we said to each other,
often,
when we invoked,
the Immortality.

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29. At the soles of the Icon of His Will

I would never succeed to die,
than,
clothed in your Words,
Love,
Aware that in their Hearts,
it will spread, the Desert,
of the Absurd of this Destiny,
of the World,
what was never ours,
being entirely indebted,
at the Death, by ourselves,
which always had Him,
on God,
next to her,
without we ever knowing,
why?,
even when we were drowning,
with Flowers of Tears,
through the imposing Cathedrals,
of the Prayers,
which we laid out,
at the soles of the Icon of His Will.

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30. The Charms of Death

How many times,
You asked God,
Love,
why did he dress us,
once with Creation,
in the Charms of Death?

He would have liked these,
so much,
so he decided,
that the Destiny to compel us,
to we wear them every time,
when we choose,
the Eternity of a Moment?

And so we came,
to address each other, only Cemeteries of Words,
among the Tombs of the lost Glances,
which will write,
finally,
our name,
Love.

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31. He was never ours

Stars of Tears,
trickle,
leaving,
the eyelids of the Sky of some Words,
for to be stolen,
by the riverbeds of Wrinkles of a Time,
of the Memory,
of the Nobody,
in the Heart of Wind,
whose,
we fall with every Eternity of the Moment,
wasted in vain,
by the Destiny,
of a God,
what was never ours,
Love,
but of Death.

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32. In the power of Death

We ran together,
among the Flowers of Tears,
of the Happiness,
Love,
on which it seemed to us,
that Time embraces them,
giving them to us,
in bouquets of Endlessness,
until,
it started to snow,
with, falling stars, of Memories,
over the increasingly oppressive and sad Future,
of the Destiny,
what could not understand our Dreams,
because he was always,
in the power of Death,
even if we didn't want to know this,
he separated us from ourselves,
rewarding us with the deaf Pain,
of the Absurd,
from lost Glances,
of the Saints of Expectation,
who barely stand leaning on,
the cold, moldy canvases,
of the Icon,
of our Oaths,
of Love.

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33. It blizzards sadly

Which Oracle of Tears ?,
could tell us,
why did we fall deep,
in the realm of Pain,
away from ourselves,
where it blizzards sadly,
only with shooting stars,
only the Desert of Loneliness,
of decomposed Words,
where neither the Divine Light,
of the Truth of Love,
can no longer penetrate,
to remind us,
of, the Smile of the Sunrise,
from the Glance through which,
we have met Him, really,
on our God,
in all His radiance.

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34. The Horizons of homeless Days

Traces of ice,
they melt us the floes of the Memories,
whose Flowers of Tears,
trickle,
in splashes of flames,
over the Hearts of the Words,
what they still beat for us,
Love,
trying to crush,
the Desert of Thoughts,
which press them,
with the Horizons of homeless Days,
which are collapsing over us,
deaf and painful,
dressing us every time,
with their Loneliness.

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35. The Casino of our Dreams

Why, Lord,
did you leave,
only the bitter stone dice,
to show us,
the Way to the Absolute,
of the Truth of Love?

At which none of us,
we will never win,
nothing else,
other than the Alienation of Loneliness,
no matter how hard we try,
to bet on gnawed roulette,
to bet on the roulette, gnawed,
by the hands of so many Eternities of wasted Moments,
what they will never find out,
that the whole Casino of our Dreams,
belongs to the Absurd and the Vanity,
of this World of Death.

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36. The Flowers of the Tears of some Words

We sail,
among precipitous shores,
Love,
which we would like to climb,
aware that we will never succeed,
to break for Eternity,
from their lips,
abrupt,
the Flowers of the Tears,
of some Words,
which overwhelm them,
with their overflowing Sincerity,
from which we would have given ourselves,
bouquets of Divine Light,
to each other,
driving away the Night of the Absurd,
of this Destiny of Death,
which we Never accepted,
as being ours.

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37. In whose souls we died

Walls of Questions,
are guarding the graves of the Words,
in whose souls,
we died,
together with the Flowers of Tears,
of the Happiness,
alongside which,
we believed ourselves,
without, the end,
so cold and sad,
of the Destiny of this Existence,
which frees us from its own self,
only through the Death,
about which, we do not know,
whether she has ever known,
in her turn,
Love.

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38. Through the veins of purple sunsets

Always lost,
on impassable roads,
by the mud of the Words
through which we swim disarmed,
by ourselves,
we are obliged to weave,
the baskets of the Dreams of willows,
in which to gather,
the Flowers of Tears,
of the alienated Loneliness,
of an Absurd Destiny,
of the Despair,
of a World,
what was never prepared,
to be able to receive us,
through the Glances of a Love,
which Time has alienated her,
so much of us,
that he transformed her for us,
in a Burden of Happiness,
for the delight of Death,
which flows us,
through the veins of purple sunsets,
of the Smiles of our Vanity.

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39. Through Death

Wings built in the Absurd,
fly incarnated,
in the ruined Walls of Vanity,
from the Purple Sky,
of the Pains of Creation,
of a World of the Nobody,
on whose shoulders, God,
he left all his Loneliness and sadness,
of the Universe of His Thoughts,
trying to show us too,
through Death,
how much he endured,
without us
Love.

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40. At the edge of Hopes

What more could we do,
than to we let,
and this sentimental Gate,
rusty and deserted,
besides which we pass,
and it's us now,
to lie at the edge of some Hopes,
aware that this one,
it will never open them again,
the Soul,
hidden in the Glance,
in which we no longer find ourselves,
the same Heart of Fire of the Future,
of a Love,
lost now,
among the Flowers of Tears,
of the Forgetfulnesses,
cold and sad,
from the Cemeteries of Words,
where the Steps waste their Regrets,
of the Ice Smiles,
of our Destiny.

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41. Over rotten Hearts of the Words

Deserted branches, of Thoughts,
they shook their rusty leaves,
of Memories,
over rotten Hearts,
of the Words,
that rustle under the heavy soles,
of the Horizons of our Loneliness,
whose Sunrises,
they get lost in the deep Wrinkles,
from the soil of the Despairs,
where the Absurd leaves its,
cold and sad Traces,
of its own Meanings,
what they came to show us the Way,
toward the Death,
from ourselves.

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42. Death forced us to understand him

We crucified ourselves,
on the foreheads of the Storms of Tears,
from the Hearts of Fire of the Words,
believing that the Eternities of Moments,
through which we pass our Existence,
they will worship,
to the Love,
whenever they will pass,
by the massive Gates,
full of Padlocks of Despair,
always drowned in the Absurd,
of our Souls,
kept locked by the Destiny,
foreign and cold,
which Death forced us,
to understand him,
even if it separates us from ourselves.

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43. They enthusiastically acclaim the Alienation of Loneliness

They threw their Memories,
with the bouquets of Flowers of Tears,
over the multitudes of Words,
of the Sadnesses,
which have acclaimed enthusiastically,
the Alienation of Loneliness,
which was to visit them,
the long and meaningless Phrases,
uttered with pathos,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
at the soles of Dreams,
which crush us,
any Hopes.

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**44. Even, from before, of to be the Absurd and
Vanity**

Clouds of Glances,
romp on the Sky of Dreams,
of the Flowers of Tears,
given to the homeless Days,
of the Words,
increasingly cold and indifferent,
which rest,
by the wings of Good and Evil,
in a flight of the Pain,
leading them to the Death,
to whom our Destiny sold itself,
even from before,
of to be the Absurd and Vanity,
of this World,
destined to we always get lost,
by ourselves.

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45. If we Love

Deceptive storms,
they bewitch us, the Alienation of the Absurd,
to run away from ourselves,
on the shores gnawed by Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
from whose Dreams,
we made for us Hourglasses of Pain,
whose bodies we feed,
with the Eternities of our Moments,
transformed by the Curse of this World,
in sand grains,
to we measure with them,
the Original Sins,
which, they will never be forgiven us,
if we Love.

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46. The Curse of the Blood

Could God have been so alone,
without our suffering?
that he had to build for us,
whole cathedrals, of Original Sins,
where to glorify our Suffering,
which feeds,
with the Curse of the Blood,
on the steps of the Prides and Hierarchies,
of the Pain and Bitterness,
with, whose bricks,
we continually build,
the Path to the Death,
which saves us by ourselves,
so hard to bear,
especially when the cold Dawn,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
they crushed us the Future,
with the lead soles of the Loneliness.

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47. We rotate

We rotate until we get dizzy,
on the spheres of the drops of some Memories,
in which the Pains are guessing us,
the Compromises,
which we will do them,
especially when we wet,
the Flowers of Tears,
of the rusty Hopes,
which, they rustle, sighing,
under the soles of the autumnal Future,
that wishes to reach,
with you Love,
at the Altar of Death,
which to bless us,
the Absurd of this Existence,
of the Vanity,
next to which,
we rotate,
until we dizzy,
in the sinister dance of Life.

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48. On whose stage

We were born,
in the World of the Zodiac signs of wax,
which melts us the Love,
on the forehead of a Time,
of the Wrinkles of the Existential Non-Senses,
through which it is running out, the Pain,
born from vain Hopes,
of the Sunrises,
to bring us a new day,
that will no longer be the same without shelter,
like the previous ones,
on whose stage,
we played incessantly,
the treacherous roles,
of Living Statues,
of the Absurd.

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49. It is extinguished on the vault of the Heart

Promises of wax,
melt at the soles of Embers,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
staining the mortuary crowns,
of the frozen and sad Smiles,
which complete the funeral convoy,
of our Eternities of Moments,
when we lead you on the last road,
Love,
forgetting to we say goodbye,
from the Sky of your Glance,
on which only now,
we observe,
the first falling star of our Future,
how it is extinguished for us on the vault of the Heart,
of its own Destiny,
forever.

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50. The soles of bloody Dreams

Shores, of Remorses,
they always turn and the other cheek,
to the Waves of the Memory,
which slap them,
with the zeal which only the Ocean,
of the Feelings can do it,
with the soles of bloody Dreams,
from the sharp shards of the Hourglasses,
broken by the Death dissatisfied,
by the Love,
what was about to kidnap, from her,
An Eternity of Moment,
in which, by chance,
we were both.

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51. The Helplessness to be ourselves

Wings of Longing,
they snow with Regrets,
floating on the Sky of Lead,
of the Eyes of Wax,
of the Expectations,
which melt,
after the Purple Horizons,
which become fluid,
in the Sacred Fire of a Love,
which watches helplessly,
how they flow,
through the Wrinkles of a Time of Death,
in whose Mirror we look,
at the Helplessness to be ourselves.

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52. Divine help

Ghostly Dances,
with, the wounded Hearts, of the Steps,
they spin our Destinies,
dizzying them with the heat of sweat,
of the Drops of the Cemeteries of Words,
which flow to us,
on the thick cheeks of the Time,
thus built,
by the Original Sins,
lest they feel,
the Eternities of the Moments,
which die in the arms of Indifference,
received as divine help.

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53. The Fluid of our decomposed Glance

Dice thrown by Hopes,
in the cold bosom of Time,
to be taken,
by the deep Wrinkles of Destiny,
in a handcuffed and nervous fall,
on the tireless shoulders,
of the Non-winning numbers,
of the Death,
always waiting with the Gates open,
from which the Religions have created their Paradise,
of the Eternity,
on which will flow,
in one Day,
Also, homeless,
the Fluid of our decomposed Glance,
in the rays of a star,
with the name of Memory.

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54. We learn to lie

The years have become for us,
the wax clowns,
of the Compromises with ourselves,
which melt in the circus arena,
of the own Non-Senses of Existence,
destroying, the Memories,
on the nameless streets,
of the Obsessions,
from whose bricks,
we have always built,
ever higher Hierarchies,
forgetting that we can't reach them,
and when we realized,
we began to tear them down,
with the same fervor,
with which we learn to lie,
Own Illusions of Life and Death.

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55. In the World of the Non-Senses of Existence

How hard we managed to learn,
the dance Steps,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on the alleys full of potholes,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
of which we hit,
trampling our Lead Hearts,
to extinguish with them, the Fire,
which burned our Glances,
which were searching, ceaselessly,
the soul of Time,
to finally find out,
that, this one was completely missing,
in the World of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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56. To receive the applause

We were born in a Dance Ring,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which we are obliged,
to we enrich them incessantly,
to receive the applause,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which make tender our Love,
what will do every time,
the delight of Death,
on the rich table with Vanities,
of a God,
who delights himself,
with our Original Sins,
which he could, just as well,
to have never created them.

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57. Under the Sky that seems to have lost its stars

Walls of Words,
which we are not allowed to lean on,
than, if we follow subjected, the Destiny,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which are lined up on the Dance Ring,
of the Death,
which we must embrace her,
instead of Love,
what was banished from us,
forever,
under the Sky that seems to have lost its stars,
of our own Subconscious Stranger,
these being stolen from him by the Vanity,
in his world, we are forbidden,
to ever go,
without being accompanied by the Illusions of Life and
Death.

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58. Through the Cathedrals full of Pain and Alienation

The highest step,
in the Hierarchy of this World,
is that of the Clown,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which use the strings,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
to make us dance,
on the stage, gnawed,
by the hungry Times,
after the Vanity,
of the Puppet Theater,
which has become our own World,
built by a God,
Puppeteer,
who, will take cruel revenge,
on those, who cannot stand,
the Play of Absurd Theater,
staged,
by the Death to which he gave Life,
namely for us,
and our Original Sins,
without which he could not display his Power,
through the Cathedrals full of Pain and Alienation.

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59. The Dance Ring of Suffering

Build for me, Lord,
the Dreams,
on the forehead full,
of, the sweat of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
and then let me burn,
in the Heart, of Fire,
of the Feelings,
together with her,
until I will forget the Time,
of the Original Sins,
which I will embrace them,
in a frantic Dance,
dizzying them,
for to set aside,
all the Illusions of Life and Death,
which clothe them,
in the Dance Ring of Suffering,
Remaining just me and with You Lord,
so I can ask you,
what is the purpose of the Alienation of Loneliness,
what flows us through the veins,
of the Non-Senses of Existence?

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60. The Revenge of God

Crossroads crucified,
on the Hearts, of Wind,
of the homeless Days,
are imprinted to us on the foreheads of the Destinies,
with the reddened iron of the Pain,
through which the Revenge of God,
proves to us,
His Divine Power,
in fact, full of Love,
on which only Death,
can understand it,
on the streets of the Births,
of the Non-Senses of Existence,
whose names,
we are obliged to assign them,
to every Cemetery of our Words.

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61. It strengthens their Vanity

Lost springtime,
at the roulette of Destiny,
they line up on the gnawed counter,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
where the Illusions of Life and Death,
they used to drink us the Absurd,
which strengthens their Vanity,
increasingly obese,
what tramples us in the feet of Time,
the Hopes,
put to dry,
on the increasingly poor ropes,
of our Lives.

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62. On the ring of the Circus of Illusions of Life

Clowns of Dreams,
they do somersaults on the ring,
of the Circus of Illusions of Life,
while the brave Steps of Destinies,
they risk all fateful numbers,
of the dice of Time,
at the Trapeze of the Non-Senses of Existence,
on which we do our daily numbers,
to satiate Death with them,
in the cages with the Lions of Lonelinesses,
which tear us the flesh of Hopes,
from the Circus of forced joy,
of the Inferno of this World,
where the Saints of wax,
of the Original Sins,
shows us the way to Confusion,
melted after the debaucheries of the Hierarchies,
of the Pain and the Absurd.

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63. You're driving me crazy Memory

Again you're driving me crazy Memory,
with the Horizons that emigrated,
to the Divine Light,
which we have lost,
at the gates of the Regrets,
of to be ourselves,
together with the Stranger,
of our own Subconscious,
to which,
we should have returned,
to find the address of Love,
erased from the Walls,
of the homeless Days,
in the shadow of which,
we lived our lives,
of the Despairs.

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64. To know at any time

Embrace me, Forgetfulness,
by, the Glance that is about to collapse,
on the asphalt of the Words,
melted after the massive and heavy wheels,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which are always spinning,
after, the Love,
about which they must know,
any time,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
so we can receive her as a gift,
from the obedient Destiny,
on the barren face,
of a compromised God.

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65. The cold lead of the Clouds of Regrets

We drowned,
on the orphaned Shores,
of Horizons,
bathed in Flowers of Tears,
which flow to us,
over the Hearts of Fire,
of the Glances,
more and more exhausted,
by the cold lead,
of the Clouds of Regrets,
which are falling,
full of storms,
of the Thoughts,
over the eaves of the Memories,
which begin to lightning,
fragments of Love,
over the Alienation of the Loneliness,
in which we fell,
and they set fire,
to, the Souls of Dreams,
who have remained,
unburied,
on the alleys full of Despair,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
which ignite us,
without our will,
the Pyre of the Forgetfulness.

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66. The alienated Loneliness of the Cathedrals of some ruined Words

Steps of dance,
wearing Flowers of Tears,
they sweat on the obsolete ring,
of the Illusions of Life,
trying to keep the rhythm of Death,
fiercely hummed,
by, the Non-Senses of the Existence,
through which the World of Vanity,
becomes a success,
of the God of the Nobody,
to whom we must worship,
our whole Love,
what can't be found,
than in the alienated Loneliness,
of the Cathedrals of some ruined Words,
through which it hides from us,
the Subconscious Stranger.

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67. The aria of Decomposition

Orchestras of Vices,
they sing us the aria of Decomposition,
so loved by the Time,
who sells its Eternities of the Moments,
through the brothels of the Hierarchies,
of the Societies of Consumption,
Despair,
as tenderized as possible, with Pain,
to satisfy the delights of the Death,
through the Fairs of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
increasingly obese and put on quarrel,
with all that it can mean, to be Love,
and is not reported,
to the Absurd.

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68. They always burn me

They always burn me,
the Dawns, set on fire,
of the Flowers of Tears,
which I would like to give them to the Night,
from your Heart of fire,
Love,
to enlighten your Way,
toward the Absolute Truth,
of the Subconscious Stranger,
hidden through the veins of Hopes,
on whose wings of Words,
I wish we could fly,
beyond the foreheads of the Wrinkles,
deepened by the Pain,
of a Time,
in which we were born accidentally,
never being ours.

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69. True Cathedrals of Alienations

Storms of Remorses,
have flashed, the Eternities of the Moments,
which ignite in the veins,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
setting our Hopes on fire,
in an apocalyptic dance,
of the Hopelessness,
from which the Despair,
it builds its,
true Cathedrals of Alienations,
whose icons of lost Glances,
are served to us on the streets of Loneliness,
especially when we seek our Love,
announced missing,
from the domicile of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
long ago than the Time of Death,
in whose arms we were born.

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70. At the foundation of the Walls of some Glances

Nights of Memories,
crumbled by the Dawns of the Loneliness,
from the ruins of which,
we're trying to recover,
every brick of Dreams,
which we could place,
at the foundation of the Walls of some Glances,
rebuilt and consolidated,
to a new address,
about which neither Death,
the master of these Worlds,
will not know where lives,
the Love,
of the Flowers of Tears,
from the Hearts, of Flames,
of the Words,
which will no longer collapse,
in the Nothingness where are lost,
the Hopes.

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71. Waves of Sighs

The indifferent chains of Time,
they bind us to crooked Regrets,
of the Present of the Nobody,
what breaks in Waves of Sighs,
on the increasingly steep Shores,
of the Dawns,
which are drowning,
in the desert cups of unfulfilled Dreams,
which they sip, the Mornings of Lead Memories,
which fall heavily over unsanitary roofs,
of the homeless Days,
in the shadow of which we are obliged,
to lead toward Death,
the Eternities of the Moments.

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72. Under the dark arcades

Steep wrinkles of Words,
carry us through deep canyons,
of Meanings,
what they want to break in vain,
the gates of the Past,
which keep hidden from us,
the secrets of Love,
which is thus blackmailed,
to no longer grant us,
Ever,
the chance to find it again,
on streets without addresses,
of the Dreams,
which are lost desperated,
under the dark arcades,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
behind which,
there are the Domains of Death.

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73. Glacial Destiny

It's snowing with Lead Dice,
which always fall on the numbers of Despair,
which snowbound us, the Pain,
laid in more and more bitter snowdrifts,
over the Memories trembling with cold,
what they want to warm up in vain,
among the ruined Walls,
of the homeless Days,
which in their turn freeze us,
Glacial Destiny,
what is shivering spasmodically,
from all joints of the Bad luck,
from which he was built,
by Death,
so that he can never escape,
together with us,
from the World of the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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74. We have the impression that we are the masters

We are obliged to breathe,
Killing,
Eternities of Moments,
to live,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
on whose wings,
we have the impression that we are the masters,
of the Free Will,
whose Non-Senses of Existence,
we call them unconsciously,
Wonders of the World,
without us ever realizing,
that they are just a Fata Morgana,
which gives us the impression,
of an oasis of Love,
in the full desert of the Compromises,
with its own Self,
where in vain,
we want to find,
the mysteries of the Truth.

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75. To tear us the Future

Hopes with dark circles,
by false Springstime of Words,
what they snow with Despairs,
on the Hearts of Fire,
more and more extinguished,
at the windows of the Glances crushed,
by the lead clouds,
of the Storms of Thoughts,
more and more indifferent and obtuse,
which shatter us,
the Eternities of Moments,
in which, we could hide,
Love,
from the way of the homeless Days,
what are rushing to tear us the Future.

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76. We burn

We burn,
with Flames of Oblivion,
the Distances,
what, they leaven, the Alienations of Loneliness,
which knead us the Despairs,
on the increasingly plentiful tables,
of the Nightmares.

We burn,
with Indifference,
the homeless Days,
under whose Walls of Absurd,
we live more and more exhausted,
the life of the Illusions of Life and Death.

We burn,
the Pages of the Non-Senses of Existence,
in which we hoped to find again,
the Stranger lost from ourselves,
at whose Sacred Fire,
we would have managed to meet,
the Love.

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We burn,
everything that meant,
to be the Meaning,
of our own Beings ever,
because only in this way,
it will be possible to fulfill,
our Destiny,
accepted, by Death.

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77. From the melted Love

Leaves rusted by Regrets,
crossed chaotically,
by the nervures of the Expectations of Death,
more and more firm,
on the transparent almost colorless,
of the Memories,
which melt,
under the cold and indifferent shadows,
of the Cold of some Glances,
from the Hearts of Fire extinguished,
of the Words,
which we uttered to each other,
somewhere - sometime,
building from the melted Love,
into their Meanings,
an Universe known only to us,
which has begun to be lost,
crushed by the darkness,
of an Autumn of Loneliness.

Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tends to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

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Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionnal, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity

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problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores

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conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about

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put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimental again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen,

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than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections."

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

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Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised

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<inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

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A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment,

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and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached 'at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutisan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin proclaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbely: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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Books published

Sapiential Literature

Volumes of aphorisms

- Culegere de Înțelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme Filozofice-Opere Complete-Editia2020, the United States of America 2020, Sorin Cerin Wisdom Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete Works -2020Edition contains **16777** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Future of Artificial Intelligence -philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence - philosophical aphorisms, contains **4162** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale Conține un număr de **505** aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020 ; Destiny of Artificial Intelligence 505 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Iubire și Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Love and Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020
- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii contains **445** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Impact of Artificial Intelligence on Mankind 445 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Credință și Sfîrșenie la Om și Mașină contains **749** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Faith

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and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019

- Necunoscutul absurd contains **630** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains **630** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Far Future of Mankind contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Culegere de Înțelegere – Aforisme filosofice esențiale – Ediția 2019 contains **13222** aphorisms - Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Culegere de Înțelegere - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Editie de Referinta the United States of America 2019; Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition 2019 , contains **12513 aphorisms**- the United States of America 2019
- Judecători the United States of America 2019; Judges –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Culegere de Înțelegere - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Editie de Referinta Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, **contains 11486 aphorisms** structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014

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- Dumnezeu și Destin, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2014, God and Destiny, the United States of America, 2014
- Rătăcire, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2013, Wandering, the United States of America, 2014
- Libertate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, Freedom the United States of America,2013
- Cugetări esențiale, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013
- Antologie de înțelegiune, the United States of America 2012 Anthology of wisdom , the United States of America, 2012 contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- Deserțaciune, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, Vanity , the United States of America, 2011
- Paradisul și Infernul, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2011, Paradise and Inferno, the United States of America, 2011
- Păcatul, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, The Sin, the United States of America, 2011
- Iluminare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011 Illumination, contains 693 aphorisms the Unites States of America, 2011
- Culegere de înțelegiune (Wisdom Collection) in which appear for the first time in Romanian the volumes Înțelegiune(The book of wisdom), Patima (The Booh of Passion) and Iluzie și Realitate (The Book of Illusion and Reality), together with those reissued as Nemurire (The Book of Immortality), Învață să mori (The Book of the Dead) and Revelații (The Book of Revelations), volumes that appeared both separately

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and together in the collection in the online or printed English editions of United States, Wisdom Collection contains 7012 aphorisms the United States of America 2009

- The Book of Passion, the United States of America, 2010
- The Book of Illusion and Reality, the United States of America 2010
- The book of wisdom, the United States of America 2010, contains 1492 aphorisms
- Învăță să mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009, The Book of the Dead, the United States of America, 2010, contains 1219 aphorisms
- Nemurire, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009, The Book of Immortality, the United States of America, 2010, contains 856 aphorisms
- Revelații 21 Decembrie 2012, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2008, The Book of Revelations, the United States of America, 2010, contains 2509 aphorisms

Volumes of philosophical studies

- Sorin Cerin : The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism - 2020 Reference Edition the United States of America 2020; Sorin Cerin operele Filozofice ale Coaxialismului- editia 2020 the United States of America 2020
- Coaxialismul - Editie completa de referinta, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010 The Coaxialism- Complete reference edition, the United States of America 2011
- Moarte, neant aneant viață și Bilderberg Group, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United

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States of America 2010, Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being, the United States of America 2020

- Logica coaxioologică, First edition , Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014 ; The Coaxiological Logic the United States of America 2020
- Starea de concepție în fenomenologia coaxioologică, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; The Creation the United States of America 2020
- Antichrist, ființă și iubire, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2012 The Evil, the United States of America 2014
- Iubire the United States of America 2012, Amour the United States of America 2010, Love, the United States of America 2012

Volumes of philosophical poetry

- Fără tine Iubire - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Am crezut în Nemărginirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019 ; I believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019
- Te-am iubit-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019; I loved you - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019
- Să dansăm Iubire -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Sfîntenia Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Steaua Nemuririi -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 The Star of Immortality-

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Philosophical poems -the United States of America 2018

- Iluzia Mântuirii-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Întâmplare Neîntâmplătoare -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Singuratarea Nemuririi -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Drame de Companie -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Calea spre Absolut -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Dumnezeul meu -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Angoase existentiale-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 Existential Anguishes - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Mai Singur -Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018 ; More lonely - Philosophical poems- the United States of America 2019
- Pe Umerii Lacrimii Unui Timp -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- În sălbăticia Sângelui -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Început și Sfârșit -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Marea Iluzie a Spargerii Totului Primordial - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Transcendental - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

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- Amintirile Viitorului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Înțelesul Iubirii – Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Tot ce a rămas din noi este Iubire - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Creația Iubirii - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zâmbetul este floarea Sufletului - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Omul este o șoaptă mincinoasă a Creației- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Condiția Umană- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Agonia-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Iubire și Sacrificiu-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Disperare-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Statuile Vivante ale Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Living Statues of the Absurd - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Arta Absurdului Statuilor Vivante - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Absurd -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Greată și Absurdul -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Alienarea Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

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- Depresiile Absurdului Carismatic –Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zilele fără adăpost ale Absurdului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Stelele Căzătoare ale Durerii Lumii de Apoi - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Cunoașterea este adevarata Imagine a Mortii - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Teatrul Absurd- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Absurd Theater- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Vise -Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018 ; Dreams- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- În Inima ta de Jar Iubire-Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018
- Nemurirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018, The Immortality of Love- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Timpul pierdut-Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018, The Lost Time -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Iluzia Existentei -Philosophical poems (Statele Unite ale Americii) 2017 The Illusion of Existence: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Existentialism - Philosophical poems (Statele Unite ale Americii) 2017 Existentialism: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017

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- Ființă și Neființă -Philosophical poems (Statele Unite ale Americii) 2017Being and Nonbeing: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Oglinziile Paralele ale Genezei -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Parallel Mirrors of the Genesis: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Existența și Timp -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017Existence and Time: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Obiecte de Cult -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017Objects of Worship: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Copacul Cunoașterii -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Tree of The Knowledge: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Iluzia Amintirii-Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Illusion of Memory: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Iluzia Mortii -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Illusion of Death: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Eternitate -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017Eternity: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Strainul Subconștient al Adevarului Absolut - Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Paradigma Eternității -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016

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- Marea Contemplare Universală -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Bisericile Cuvintelor -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
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- Vremurile Cuielor Tulburi -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Divinitate -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- La Cabinetul Stomatologic -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Origami -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- Dinainte de Spatiu si Timp -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
- A Fi Poet eLiteratura Publishing House,
Bucureşti Romania 2015
- O Clipă de Eternitate eLiteratura Publishing
House, Bucureşti Romania 2015
- Suntem o Hologramă eLiteratura Publishing
House, Bucureşti Romania 2015
- Zile de Carton eLiteratura Publishing House,
Bucureşti Romania 2015
- Fericire eLiteratura Publishing House,
Bucureşti Romania 2015
- Nonsensul Existentei the United States of America
2015 The Nonsense of Existence - Poems of Meditation
the United States of America 2016
- Liberul arbitru the United States of America 2015
The Free Will - Poems of Meditation the United States
of America 2016

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- Marile taceri the United States of America
2015 The Great Silences - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
 - Ploii de Foc the United States of America
2015 Rains of Fire - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
 - Moarte the United States of America 2015 Death - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
 - Iluzia Vietii the United States of America 2015 The Illusion of Life - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
 - Prin cimitirele viselor the United States of America
2015 Through The Cemeteries of The Dreams - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
 - Îngerii și Nemurire the United States of America
2014 Angels and Immortality - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2017
 - Politice the United States of America 2013
 - Facerea lumii the United States of America 2013
 - Cuvântul Lui Dumnezeu the United States of America 2013
 - Alegerea Mantuitorului the United States of America 2013
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- In Memoriam- Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2020
- O Moarte a Iubirii - Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2020
- De ce plâng Îngerii Iubirii - Philosophical poems of love , the United States of America 2020

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- Inimi de cenușă-- Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2019
 - The Philosophy of Love - Dragoste și Destin - Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love - Love and Destiny: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
 - The Philosophy of Love - Verighetele Privirilor - Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love-The Wedding Rings of Glances-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
 - The Philosophy of Love - Fructul Oprit - Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love - The Forbidden Fruit: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
 - The Philosophy of Love - Lacrimi -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love- Tears: Philosophical poems the United States of America2017
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- Adresa unei cesti de cafea, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Memento Mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Parfum de eternitate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012

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- [Umbrele Inimilor](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- [Inimă de piatră amară](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- [Legendele sufletului](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- [Adevăr, Amintire, Iubire](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- [Eram Marile Noastre Iubiri](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- [Suflete pereche](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, second edition, the United States of America, 2011
- [Templul inimii](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, second edition, the United States of America, 2011
- [Poeme de dragoste](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009, second edition, the United States of America, 2011

Novels

- [Destin](#), Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2003
- [The trilogy Destiny with the volumes Psycho Apocalipsa and Exodus](#), Paco Publishing House, Bucuresti, Romania 2004,
 - [The origin of God](#) appeared in the United States of America with the volumes [The Divine Light, Psycho, The Apocalypse and Exodus 2006](#)

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- *The Divine Light* appeared in the United States of America 2010

Nonfiction volumes

- Wikipedia pseudo-encyclopedia minciunii, cenzurii și dezinformării, appeared in English with the title : Wikipedia:Pseudo-encyclopedia of the lie, censorship and misinformation; The first critical book about Wikipedia that reveals the abuses, lies, mystifications from this encyclopedia – the United States of America – 2011
- Bible of the Light – the United States of America - 2011
- Procesul Wikipedia – Drepturile omului, serviciile secrete și justiția din România – the United States of America – 2018

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Biographical notes

I write all this because I do not want occasional historians or biographers to invent aspects of my work or life that are not in line with reality.

About my philosophical work

About my philosophical work, circulates on the internet, an extract, located between pages 130 and 147, from the book entitled Anamorphoses, published in 2017 by Scara publishing house in Bucharest, ISBN, 978-606-94011-9-4. Scara publishing house belonging to the Romanian Orthodox Church, BOR, written book by professor Theodor Codreanu, fragment initially published in the magazine Oglinda literara nr.167, at pages 11283-11285.

I can only thank Professor Theodor Codreanu for his in-depth study of Coaxialism, my philosophical system. In some parts he reaches sublime heights in identifying the architecture of this philosophical system, while in others he fails, lamentably erring in his study. First of all, he believes that my God would be a doimic one, that is, made up of two parts (God and the Devil) and not a trinity one as it is actually in Christianity. It is not at all true what Mr. Codreanu claims regarding Coaxialism, because we perceive God through our bivalent Logic of Good and Evil, the logic that has Logical Coefficient 2 being bivalent. If, together with Good and Evil, we managed to think and with another opposite of them, then our God

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would have as many parts, as many Opposites, would be in our logical thinking. If along with Good and Evil there were ten more opposites of them, then our God would have 12 parts, where each part would belong to one of the Opposites. For example, Open Knowledge has an infinity of Opposites, which means that the God of Open Knowledge can be perceived as having an infinity of parts, because the Open Knowledge that Mr. Codreanu mentions in his study of Coaxialism, is the only one that has access to the Absolute Truth, having, therefore, an infinity of Logical Coefficients in its Knowledge. Not only do I accept a triune God, made up of three components, but I also accept a God made up of a billion or an infinite number of components, that is, parts. It all depends on the type of Knowledge through which God is perceived. Each Creator factor is a face of God for the respective World that possesses a certain type of Knowledge. There is an infinity minus one of Creator Factors, in addition to that perceived by Infinite Open Knowledge. Everyone else has Finite worlds. Each one in part is Unique and Accidental according to the Logical Coefficients that make up the Knowledge that perceives them. Each Creator Factor is a face perceived in a certain way by a certain type of Knowledge. It is normal that in our type of Knowledge that belongs to this world, which has Logical Coefficient 2, to perceive a Creator Factor, ie a face of God formed from Good and Evil, ie from, God and the Devil, even if in reality, Knowledge Infinite Open perceives this face of God as having an infinity of parts, as an infinite God, made up not only of two parts as the Logical Coefficient 2 of Knowledge in our world lets us know, or of three parts as Christianity

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claims, that is, of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, but even of an infinity of parts. It is normal that in our type of Knowledge that belongs to this world, which has Logical Coefficient 2, to perceive a Creative Factor, ie a face of God consisting of Good and Evil, ie God and the Devil, even if in reality, Infinite Open Knowledge in addition to this face of God, which we can perceive, there are an infinity of other faces of the same God. That is, it can perceive in God, not only two parts, that is, Good or Evil, as we humans can perceive through Logical Coefficient 2, bivalent of our Knowledge, or three parts, that is, trinity as in Christianity, but an infinity of parts. Thus God, in Coaxialism, is infinite in number of parts or opposites. God is unique but perceived differently by each type of Knowledge, depending on the Logical Coefficients with which that Knowledge operates. It is true that through our knowledge based on Logical Coefficient 2 we will perceive a dualistic God of Good and Evil but through other types of Knowledge, God will have as many parts or opposites as Logical Coefficients possess the Knowledge that perceives it. Since Coaxialism operates with all kinds of Closed Knowledge as well as Open Knowledge, this means that the God that Coaxialism paints is not just a dual God, but can be a trinity, or with an infinite number of opposites or parts, along with the good and evil we know. So even from this point of view we cannot speak of a dual God of Coaxialism, except in the case of our own knowledge based on Logical Coefficient 2 which perceives a God with an infinite number of opposites as dual.

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Hence Mr. Codreanu's misperception that Coaxialism would be part of the monistic-dualistic philosophical systems. In reality, Coaxialism operates with an infinity of parts of God, with neo-ontology that has as substrate other landmarks that are different from existence. That is why I accept the existence of Dogma and do not reject it through any rationalism that rises to dualism. Instead, I do not agree with the dictatorship of Dogma, or Religion. The Christian Church is first and foremost a for-profit enterprise that urges us to serve it otherwise that we will be beaten by God. I am not against beliefs. Jesus Christ did not ask for blind obedience but for love. There is a big difference between what Jesus said and what Christianity reached, for example. Jesus Christ did not give regulations with rates that priests should charge for weddings or funerals, nor did he support certain church hierarchies, starting with patriarchs, bishops, priests, etc. I don't think Jesus Christ sacrificed himself on the cross to be a star through the sculptures or icons placed in the luxurious cathedrals. Jesus Christ must be in our hearts. Jesus Christ is also the supreme symbol of the suffering he endured for us, those born in the area of Christianity, to be saved by love. For millennia, the symbol of Jesus Christ has stood as a bridge between us and God. I said it as a symbol, because we do not pray to Jesus Christ as a natural person, but to the Son of God sent to earth to save us. Believers of other religions have made a bridge with God in Muhammad and Buddha and other great prophets. This is the destiny left by God for Jesus, to endure like this. Jesus sacrifices himself through pain because the life of every human being means a lot of pain due to Original Sin. Even if Jesus

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were a fairy tale, it is a fairy tale that we, those born under the sign of Christianity, need so much. Without Jesus we would feel much more orphaned by ourselves. Maybe in the future this symbol of Jesus or other prophets will disappear and be replaced by another, maybe not, but what I know for sure is that it has always been and it will be, if it resists, a gateway between man and divinity. I believe that the only salvation of religions is their unification in the future. Certainly over the millennia, even unified religions will go through a profound act of transformation, but they will not be lost. A unique world religion, in which to find the teachings of all the great prophets, Muhammad, Jesus Christ, Buddha, Moses, etc., will lead not only to planetary peace but to the profound transformation of man into good. Even if there were no God, the human being would create it, because it is absolutely necessary. That is why great prophets like Muhammad, Buddha. Moses, Jesus, etc., must be respected and loved. The histories of the Christian religion, for example, are full of wars and crimes. It is not faith in Jesus Christ that has brought man to his knees over time, through wars and crimes, but the religion that sprang from the blood of that faith shed on the cross of our salvation, which religion has humiliated, slandered, distorted. depending on the obscure interests of some clerics who temporarily came to lead the church. As an example I will give the Inquisition. Everything is done with God's will, whether we like it or not. It is true that I do not agree with the institutionalization of religion that does not do the will of Jesus Christ most of the time, using instead of love, blind obedience but this is another subject. It is just as true that without these great

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prophets like Muhammad, Jesus Christ, Moses or Buddha, etc., the world would have been much worse. It is no coincidence that God left their teachings in this world. That is why every faith must be loved and respected because it was left by God to become a bridge between us and divinity. Instead, I believe in destiny. In the fact that we are all born into a certain society that has embraced a certain religion that we can follow. Even though Jesus Christ would never have existed as a human being, he is a symbol of the pain accepted for the extreme sacrifice for Salvation and The Good of this world, so that Love may triumph over our neighbor. Jesus Christ gave birth to Christianity because that is how God made it happen. Likewise the Prophet Muhammad gave birth to Islam, Moses, Old Testament, Commandments, Buddha, Buddhism, etc. Nothing is accidental in this world. Faith is given to us through the area in which we are born and it is good to respect it. I believe in God and in the teachings of Jesus Christ, in the Love he preached. Whoever says that Love in my work has nothing to do with Christian Love is profoundly wrong. It is not religion that has led to a change for the better in the world, but faith. Religion is an institutional framework built by man while faith is built by God allowed to dwell in our hearts. Religions have led to wars, crimes, torture, while faith has led to Love. I believe in revelation and the power of prayer precisely because we live the Illusion of Life and we cannot know for sure what is true or false. Especially since everything we Know is part of the Illusion of our own Life, so it is largely a Lie. Then why wouldn't we believe in Dogma or Revelations? This does not mean that any dogma must be accepted. Here, Professor

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Codreanu was lamentably wrong when he thought that the so-called rationalism would have taken me away from Dogma. Secondly, Mr. T. Codreanu is lamentably wrong and this time when he states, that, I quote from him: „We would be deluded if we believed that Sorin Cerin is approaching the transdisciplinary method, looking for the point between two levels of Reality, beyond good and evil, as Nietzsche would say.” In reality, it is precisely the transdisciplinary method that underlies Coaxialism, through the principles three and four of Coaxialism which say that: 3) „Any philosophical system or philosopher that claims to tell the Truth is a liar.” 4) „Coaxialism is par excellence the philosophy that does NOT claim to tell the Truth but accepts applications that support the reporting of the Illusion of Life to the Truth.”(Sorin Cerin: The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism-2020 Reference Edition pag. 14-15) In addition to all this, I have established that there is an infinite Open Knowledge and a finite Closed Knowledge, about which Mr. Codreanu mentions in his study on Coaxialism. Open Knowledge that has an infinity of Logical Coefficients is next to Closed Knowledge that has an infinity minus one, of Logical Coefficients. So Coaxialism is not strictly situated only at the level of the dualistic Knowledge through which this world is revealed to us, namely Knowledge that uses Logical Coefficient 2, that is, the bivalent logic of Good and Evil. On the contrary, Coaxialism is the philosophical system that accepts applications of different types of Knowledge beyond Good and Evil, fully accepting and supporting the transdisciplinary method. Mr. Codreanu also emphasizes that there is an aphorism in my book entitled, Essential Thoughts, which states

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that the Divine Light is Satan. This is true as long as you attribute to the Divine Light as the main feature, Wisdom. Christianity as dogma accepts the phrase:"Believe and do not research", perceiving Wisdom as being something satanic. Not every dogma has to be accepted. It depends on everyone what we believe through our own conscience. I personally believe in Wisdom, in the Divine Light of Wisdom. If Wisdom is something satanic, then the Divine Light which is the symbol of Wisdom is satanic for those who are followers of the phrase:"Believe and not research". For others the Wisdom of the Divine Light is the supreme attribute of the Good, that is, of God. I recognize that I am a follower of Wisdom that glorifies the Divine Light of Wisdom. It can be seen that Mr. Codreanu did not read Coaxialism in its entirety, but only the first volume. If he had read the other volumes culminating with Coaxiological Logic, he would certainly have written completely differently on certain aspects. Last year was published Coaxialism complete with all its volumes, a book entitled: **Sorin Cerin:The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism – 2020 Reference Edition.**

In conclusion, my God is not doimic, made up of only two parts, that is, God and the Devil, unless it is perceived only by Logical Coefficient 2 of our Closed Knowledge, but is made up of an infinity of parts, where each part has a Meaning, thus making up the Universal Pure Language. I am also one of the creators of the philosophy of Language. My God has only a brief connection through the Logical Coefficient 2, with the monism-dualism that Mr. Codreeanu mentions. As for rationalism, I accept rationalism as

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being an application of the Illusion of Life, as I am a complete follower of the transcendentalism, of revelation, of applications beyond Good and Evil.

I will conclude with some remarks by Professor Codreanu, found at the beginning of this review regarding the so-called Satanism invoked by Ionuț Caragea or those related to the publishing house. Although about the mess made by Ionuț Caragea, Professor Codreanu mentions at the beginning of this review, I pass them by because I do not consider them as important as the phrases that refer to my philosophical system, Coaxialism. Masterful word of professor Theodor Codreanu about this fierce enemy of mine named Ionuț Caragea. This Ionuț Caragea, has a sickening envy and a wickedness hard to describe in words, this cultural criminal, finding out that Professor Codreanu wrote praiseworthy about my aphorisms contacted Professor Codreanu, telling him that I would be a dangerous Satanist. Because of this, Professor Codreanu decided to read my book entitled Coaxialism, although I never gave it to him. Professor Codreanu read Coaxialism only to find out the backbone on which my entire literary work rests, and to decide on the other book entitled Essential Thoughts, which he had to reread. Although he reread my book Essential Thoughts, Professor Codreanu not only did not change the impression given to him by the aphorisms in that book after the first reading, but at the end of his extensive review he also pointed out some of the aphorisms contained in the book. saying that the aphorisms in that book will remain immortal.

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Thus, first of all, Professor Codreanu demonstrates the exact opposite of what Ionuț Caragea wanted, after rereading the book Essential Thoughts, namely that I have nothing to do with Satanism. Secondly, Professor Codreanu demonstrates that, due to Caragea's intervention, Professor Codreanu wrote a review of my philosophical and aphoristic work totally independent of me, after rereading the book Essential Thoughts, after studying Coaxialism, wanting to know if what Ionuț Caragea said it is true or not. In the end, he did another review, a review based on what Caragea asked for, totally independent of what I would have liked and yet extremely praiseworthy for my aphorisms. Therefore, we must not omit the fact that, although Professor Codreanu reread the book Essential Thoughts, not only did he maintain his position on this book, and after the second reading, but more than that, he came to the conclusion that many of the aphorisms from that book they will overcome time, becoming immortal. He also listed some of these aphorisms in the review. Needless to mention some positive remarks he made to me about my philosophical system called Coaxialism. Here is how the intervention of a villain like Ionuț Caragea had the opposite effect. If the impostor Caragea wanted to prove that Professor Codreanu received books from me to write a review at my request, Caragea's intervention, recognized by Professor Codreanu, proved that Professor Codreanu had to read Coaxialism initially, a book he did not I gave it to Professor Codreanu, just to find out if what Caragea said about me is true or not. To finally reread the book Essential Thoughts, to write a completely different review from the one he had originally thought about

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the book Essential Thoughts, before being contacted by Caragea, so totally independent of me and any external interference.

I thank Professor Codreanu for emphasizing all this in his review. Regarding the few commas or dashes that would be missing from the book: Essential thoughts, printed by Paco Publishing House. Paco Publishing House has published dozens of books for me. The lack of a few commas or dashes is not due to the lack of professionalism of the publishing house, as Ionut Caragea suggested to Professor Codreanu to say. The lack of a few commas and dashes is due to my desire not to intervene on the manuscript, because both manuscripts dealt with deep philosophical topics and a so-called correction would have led to a different understanding of the text, while I did not want that at all. In fact, several important literary critics praised Paco publishing house, in the reviews of my books, such as Professor Elvira Sorohan or the most important literary poetry critic in life, Professor Alexandru Cistelecan. Professor Sorohan even reminds me of the three volumes of poetry published by Paco publishing house, which he analyzed to me that they are absolutely grammatically correct, praising the publishing house's professionalism. Also at the beginning of his review, Professor Codreanu pointed out that his short description of the book Free Will had appeared on the Internet, along with the remarks of other literary critics. I admit that I asked for that short description of Free Will, a book of philosophical poetry, for the fourth cover of the book, but I never asked for an in-depth review of the book Essential Thoughts or my philosophical system,

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Coaxialism. Many literary critics have written about me, but I have never personally met any of them, except Mr. Codreanu, with whom I met in Bucharest for about three minutes. The only discussions we had were about the Anthology of Contemporary Romanian Aphorism, where he mentions in the review he wrote that we intersected, both of which were published in that anthology. Specifically, we were selected from hundreds of authors, at first fifty and then only twenty. In the three minutes I gave him a few books of my poetry and that's it. I never asked him to write a detailed review of my aphorisms, much less of my philosophical system. If Professor Codreanu chose to write such a review, it was his choice, a choice totally independent of me. I did not ask other important literary critics to write reviews about me and I never gave them books. I do not personally know any of the critics who wrote about me except Professor Codreanu. It was their choice to write about my work. When I saw what Professor Alexandru Cistelecan wrote about me, I couldn't believe it, because I didn't expect it at all. The same happened with Professor Elvira Sorohan, a teacher who reviewed three books of philosophical poetry written by me, or with the eminent literary critic Stefan Borbely, etc. These are all people I don't know and have never seen. In conclusion, any insinuations, that I would have known the literary critics and that I would have asked them to write about me, are serious lies so common of the villain Ionut Caragea, this bastard sick of envy. Why does the imposter Ionut Caragea do all this? Because he is the one who, under the username Lehrman Kruger, did his best to remove me from the Wikipedias of several languages, on the grounds that I

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would not exist as a writer and that everything that is written about Sorin Cerin would be spam. The fact that he notices that there are countless specialists who write praise about my work, makes him tremble with envy. Especially since many more specialists have written about my work than about his so-called work. For the misery that Ionuț Caragea, this cultural imposter, made me, he was rewarded by his masters, with the entry in Wikipedia, although he does not have the recognition of the specialists I have. Who are the bastards who abuse the Romanian and English Wikipedia regarding Romanian writers? They are members of the secret services who still abuse the citizens of Romania thirty years after the fall of communism. These bastards from the secret services, through the system of relations they created after the anti-communist revolution of December 1989, managed to restore the same corrupt system that existed before the fall of communism, establishing in Romania a dictatorship of corruption hidden under a so-called- democracy.

About my name

First of all, I discovered all kinds of untrue stories about why I chose to change my name from Hodorojea to Cerin. The reality is different and I will describe it in the following lines.

I will not make you my biography as you might have expected. Instead, I would like to point out some shades of color taken from the panel of my passage through this

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world. I do this because my biography is described in so many dictionaries and encyclopedias, but without pointing out the essential aspects and concrete causes that led to their realization.

I was born in Baia Mare, a city in northwestern Romania, on a late autumn day, with the first snow. Maybe that's why I like snow so much.

The first years of my childhood until 1967, I spent in Silindru, and from that year until 1972 in Sauca, Satu Mare County, being raised by grandparents. Basically, the years from Sauca were the years when I started to open my eyes to the world, being more and more aware of its beauties. Even now in adult life, I associate many of my feelings with Sauca and not with other places in this world, although I have lived on several continents such as North America and Australia. Often, even when I write, I think of Sauca, the parish house where another writer, this time of Hungarian nationality, also a poet, named Kolcsey Ferencz, grew up before me. Maybe that house, the energies of that God-blessed place, gave us both poetic talent, who knows.

What do I fondly remember from my childhood? The fact that I wanted to be able to fly, to have wings just like the angels I saw painted on the walls of the church where my grandfather was a priest. Maybe that's where my desire to build model aircraft came from. I often dreamed that I would fly with that model aircraft. It was a game of course. And so I attended for several years the model aircraft circle at the House of Pioneers in Baia Mare. I was a dreamy but withdrawn child. I also won awards in aeromodelling, the first was the first prize in the county in 1974 for the captive

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model aircraft, with the engine, and the second was the first prize in the county in 1976 for the glider model A1. Aeromodelling was also an escape from the gray daily life of my childhood in Baia Mare. I did the first elementary school class at Sauca. Then I was transferred to School no. 6 in Baia Mare. After graduating from School no. 6 in Baia Mare, I attended Gheorghe Sincai High School in the same city.

There have been a lot of untruths told by some about the name Cerin. Some said that I would have taken him because of the great love I would have for Mariana Cerin, others on the grounds that Hodorogea was stepfather's name and that is why I wanted to get rid of that name. Nothing is true, in the sense of having taken the name Cerin from those mentioned above. It is true that Hodorogea was the name of my stepfather, but he was not the reason for the name change. But I simply wanted the name Cerin as a literary pseudonym, since childhood, long before I met Mariana Cerin. Why? Because in Romanian Cer means sky, and Soare means sun. In a word, Sorin Cerin has attributions of Sun and Sky. The fact that I met someone who had the name of my literary pseudonym was another proof that the divinity is with me and wants my literary pseudonym by Sorin Cerin to become my real name in the documents. That's why in 1987 I took the name of my then-wife Cerin. I married Mariana Cerin in 1987, when I also took the name Cerin, which was also the name of my literary pseudonym that I used many years before I met Mariana Cerin. We broke up in 1990, when I left Romania being forced to be exiled in the United States, due to the miners' revolt. For me, the name of Cerin is like a pseudonym, although since 1987 it is the name I officially bear in my documents. In conclusion, I used the literary

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pseudonym of Sorin Cerin for several years before meeting Mariana Cerin. By passing in the identity documents of the name of Cerin, I did nothing but recognize my pseudonym as my real name.

In October 1990, I obtained political asylum in New York after an interview at the Federal Plaza building. After seven years in the United States, between 1990 and 1997, when I lived in New York, Brooklyn, Metropolitan Ave., afterwards in Dallas Texas and Las Vegas, Nevada, I returned to Romania, for the first time in seven years, believing that the old structures had disappeared, but I was wrong. So in 1997 I chose to go to Australia, where I lived for another three years, in Melbourne and Brisbane, until 2000, when I returned to Romania.

In 2000, I met my wife Dana Cristina Gorincioiu, who was to become my wife, until today in 2021, when I write these lines, when it is twenty-one years since we have been married. Dana is my real wife, the person I love the most in this life. Until Dana, all the other women I met were temporary appearances on the stage of my life. All the other women in my life except Dana were something transient because it was only towards Dana that I felt and understood what true love means, that uplifting love that I have never felt towards any other woman. Only from Dana did I understand what it means to have a wife with you, really, and even though twenty-one years have passed since we've been together, it's as if a second has passed. All I regret is that we met only in 2000 and not long before this date. Dana translated most of my work for me. Practically all the volumes of philosophical poetry that have been published in English are translated by my wife Dana, as well as my entire philosophical work, and mostly the

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aphoristic work. More precisely, from the aphoristic work, Dana translated for me sixteen volumes out of the twenty-two volumes that complete my aphoristic work. Dana has always been with me in my career, trying to do everything possible to support me and encourage me in the difficult moments I went through sometimes. Without Dana, it would have been much more difficult for me to get through so many obstacles to reach today's writer or philosopher.

Sorin Cerin
January 9, 2021